

It's 2 in the morning. A few minutes ago Sam's lips were brushing his ear, his hand grasping Dean's tightly. Just for a few seconds, just long enough to wake him up. He didn't have to say anything. Dean knew what these 2am signals meant. Sam was waiting for him.

Dad was asleep on the cot in the corner. He'd had quite a few drinks last night. Sam always picked the nights when dad had been drinking. It was easier that way; chances were, the small noises they made wouldn't wake John up. But they were still careful and Dean was still afraid.

He watched the clock flash to 2:01 then 2:02. He was wasting time. Every moment he spent hesitating was a moment he could be with Sam. But he'd told himself last time that he wouldn't do this again. That he would put a stop to this thing. Sam was fifteen. Fifteen. Still a kid. He couldn't possibly know what he wanted, no matter how much he insisted otherwise. It was wrong, this thing they were doing. And if dad ever found out... John would kill him. He should just lie here and pretend he'd fallen back asleep. Sam would wait a while and go back to bed. It had happened once before; Dean had been fucking exhausted and he'd felt so guilty afterwards. And all the next day Sam kept glancing at him out of the corner of his eye, one moment looking like he wanted to ask what had happened, the next looking like a kicked puppy. Dean didn't want that. He should get up and at least talk to him. Tell him this can't keep happening.

The clock blinked 2:05 and he got up. Silently padded over the hotel room floor and into the bathroom, shutting the door behind him. Sam slammed into him, pushing him against the door. "Sam--" he whispered and choked.

Jesus. He was naked. Dean's hands brushed against the smooth stomach, the curve of the hip bone. Heat struck the middle of his spine and unfurled outward, squeezing his chest tightly.

Sam. Naked. Dean dug his fingers into the silky flesh of Sam's waist to stop them from exploring.

It made no difference. They still shouldn't do this. It didn't matter that Dean had dreamt about stripping him naked, about being able to touch every inch of him. It didn't matter that he was already so hard it hurt.

"Sam--"

Sam pressed against him, his skin searing Dean's through a layer of clothes, his cock pressing into Dean's thigh. His mouth slid against Dean's collar bone, the tongue dipping in the curve, traveling up his neck.

"Dean," he whispered, his breath bathing Dean's ear, "touch me."

His fingers were digging into Sam's waist with so much force they would leave bruises. Sam was sliding against him, his thigh rubbing against Dean's cock, his hands tugging on the elastic of Dean's pants.

"Sam," Dean snatched his hands, "wait."

Before he could take a breath to say anything else, Sam's tongue was in his mouth, hot and wet. His brain short circuited. His hands released Sam's on their own and latched on to his hips instead, pulling him close. Sam moaned into his mouth, the sound of it pulsing through Dean, traveling all the way down to his toes.

The battle was over. Dean had lost.

He spun Sam easily, pushing him up against the door, lifting him until Sam could wrap both legs around his waist. He abandoned the hot little mouth so he could sink his teeth into the smooth skin of his neck, so he could hear him pant Dean's name. There was already a damp spot on his shirt where Sam's cock was trapped between them and with each thrust Sam whimpered, his legs tightening around Dean, his arms trembling against Dean's neck. The door creaked under the pressure. Sam was all knees and elbows but parts of him were still so soft, so pliable, so fucking fragile. With shaky fingers, Dean found his way in between his cheeks, only brushing against him and Sam moaned again, the sound coming from somewhere deep inside his stomach, sounding unlike anything Dean had heard before. It was so loud that Dean would have frozen in spot if he had any reason left. Instead he pressed his lips against Sam's hoping that would keep him quiet and slowly started working two fingers inside of him, never pausing in his thrusts. And God, he was so tight there, so hot, clamping tightly around his fingers. Sam whimpered, his hips jerking against Dean's stomach. Dean's cock was only inches away from Sam's ass and he couldn't help but imagine stripping his pants down with one hand and pushing inside of him, just fucking him right there against the bathroom door.

No. That was one line he wouldn't cross.

"More," Sam gasped against his mouth, "more.. harder...please.." the last word trailing off into a whine.

He was pushing down on Dean's fingers now, taking them in deeper, nails digging into Dean's back.

"Sammy," Dean whispered desperately, wishing they had dared turn the light on, wishing he could see his brother's face flushed with pleasure, his leg muscles straining around Dean, his cock pressed in between them. Wishing he could see what his fingers looked like sliding in and out of the tight space, wishing he could push his tongue in there instead, wondering if it would make Sam scream.

"Dean," Sam whimpered, "fuck, I'm--"

But Dean already knew, had felt the telltale quivers in brother's legs, in his arms. He locked his mouth with Sam's and inhaled his groan, felt him pulse around his fingers, against his stomach, waves of wetness soaking his shirt in seconds.

He held him long after that while Sam hid his face in Dean's neck. If they had been alone, he would have carried him back to bed and kissed every inch of him. If they had been alone, he would have licked his way up Sam's naked body just to see if he could get him going again.

Instead, he silently helped him get dressed and they both crept back to their beds. A few minutes later Sam was fast asleep, but Dean stayed awake long after, wondering if he was going to hell.